

**Every Wednesday Evening** 

## THE TREY (1) HEARTS

CHAPTER XV.

The Masked Voice.

For a matter of twelve hours the fog. leaden, dank, viscous, as inexorable as the dominion of evil, had wrapped the world in an embrace as foul and noxious as the coils of some great, gray, slimy serpent.

Through its sluggish folds the ponderous, power-impelled lifeboat crept at a snail's pace, its stem parting and rolling back from either flank a heavyhearted sea of gray.

In the bows a young woman rested in a state of semi-exhaustion, her eyes closed, he head pillowed on a corkbelt life-preserver, her sodden garments modeled closely to the slender body that was ever and again shaken from head to feet with the strength of a long, shuddering respiration.

Seated on the nearest thwart, Alan Law, chin in hand, watched over the rest of this woman whom he loved with a grimly hopeless solicitude. He was in no happier case than she, so far as physical comfort went-he was in worse, since he might not rest, Premonition of misfortune darkened heart with its impenetrable

In the stern Tom Barcus presided morosely over the steering gear; and Law was no more jealously heedful of his sweetheart than Barcus of the heavy-duty motor that chugged away to purposefully at its business of driving the boat heaven-knew-where.

Lacking at once a compass, all notion whatsoever of the sun's bearings. and any immediate hope of the fog lifting or chance bringing them either to land or to rescue by some larger and less comfortless craft, Barcus steered mainly through force of habit -the salt-water man's instinctive feeling that no boat under way should ever in any conceivable circumstance be without a hand at the helm. It had seemed impossible that it could long escape repetition of the disaster, but somehow, it always did escape, and that by a wide margin; never once had it passed near enough to another vessel to see it.

And now for more than an hour the silence had been uncannily constant, broken only by the rumble of the motor, the muted lisp of water slipping down the side, the suck and gurgle of

Forehodings no less portentous than Law's crawled in the mind of Barcus. It was as likely as not that the lifeboat was traveling straight out to sea. And gasoline tanks can and oftentimes do become as empty as an official weather prophet's promise of fair weather for a holiday.

More than this, Mr. Barcus was a confirmed skeptic in respect of ma rine motors; on terms of long and intimate experience with the ways of



Delivered into the Hands of

the demon of perversity that tenants them one and all, he knew that the present sweet-tempered performance of the exhibit under consideration was no earnest whatsoever of future good behavior, that when such a com plicated contraption was concerned there was never any telling . . .

In view of all of which considerations he presently threw open the bat tery switch. And the aching void created in the

silence by the cessation of that uniform drone was startling enough to rouse even Rose Trine from her state With a look of panic she sat up,

thrust damp hair back from her eyes. and nervously inquired:

"What's the matter?" "Nothing," Barcus told her. "I shut

the engine off-that's all." Tempers were short in that hour, and Alan was annoyed to think that the rest of his beloved should need lessly have been disturbed.

What did you do that for?" he de manded sharply. "Because I jolly well wanted to,"

Barcus returned in a tone as brusque, "Oh, you did-eh?"

"Yes, I did-eh! I happen to be bossing this end of the boat and to

have sense enough to realize there's no sense at all in our wasting fuel the way we are-cruising powhere!" "Well," Law contended, struck by

the fairness of this argument, but unable to calm his uneasiness-"just the same, we might-"

"Yes; of course, we might," Barcus enapped. "We might a whole lot. We might, for instance, be heading for Spain, for all you or I know to the contrary. And in such case, I for one respectfully prefer to have gas enough to take us home again if ever this da-blessed fog lifts!"

And for several seconds longer the

stillness strangled their spirits in its ruthless grasp. Then of a sudden a cry shrilled through the fog, so near at hand that it seemed scarcely more distant than over the side:

"Ahoy! Help! Ahoy there! Help!" So-insistent, so urgent was its accent that, coupled with the surprise, it brought the three as one to their feet, all a-tremble, their eyes seeking one another's faces, then shifting uneasily away.

"What can it be?" Rose whispered, aghast, shrinking into Alan's ready

"A woman," Barcus put in harshly, "Judith," the girl moaned. Alan shook himself together. "Im-ossible!" he contended. "I saw her

"That doesn't prove she didn't come

up." Barcus commented scidly.
"Ahoy! Motorboat sho-o-oy! Help! "And that," Harcus pursued sadly. just proves she did come upthe luck! Alive she is, and kicking; stand clear. An able-bodied pair of lungs was back of that hall, my friend; and you needn't tell me I don't know the dulcet accents of that angelle con-

Without heeding him, Alan cupped hands to mouth and sent an answerng cry ringing through the murk: "Ahoy! Where are you? Where

away ?" "Here-on the reef-half-drownedperishing with chill-"How does my voice bear?" Alan

"What the dickens do you care?" Sarcus interpolated suspiciously. "To port," the response rang through

the fog. "Starboard your helm and come in slowly!" "Right-o! Half a minute!" Alan re-

plied reassuringly. "Like hell!" Mr. Barcus muttered in his throat as he jumped down into the engine pit and bent over the fly-wheel. Leaping on the forward thwart and

balancing himself perflously near the gunwale. Alan strained his vision vainly against the opacity of the fog-"Can't make out anything," he grumbled, looking back. "Start her up-but slow's the word-and 'ware "Nothing doing," Barcus retorted

curtly. "The motto is now 'Full speed astern!' as you must know." "O come! We can't leave a woman

out there-in a fix like that!" "Can't we? You watch!" Barcus malevolently, rocking the heavy flywheel with all his might; for the motor had turned suddenly stub

"Alan!" Rose pleaded, laying a hand means! I know it sounds heartless of me-and it's my own sister. But you know how mad she is-wild with hatred and jenlousy. If you take her into this boat, it's your life or hers!"

"If we leave her out there," Alan retorted, shaking his arm impatiently free, "it's her life on our heads!"

At this juncture the motor took charge of the argument, ending it in summary fashion. With a smart exlosion in the cylinder, it started up unexpectedly, at one and the same time almost dislocating the arm of Barcus and precipitating Alan

It was not given him to know what was happening until be found himself in the water; he struggled to the surface just in time to see the bows of the lifeboat back away and vanish into

CHAPTER XVI.

The Island.

Not more than twenty seconds could have elapsed before Barcus recovered from the shock of the motor's treachery sufficiently to reverse the whoel, throttle down the carboretor and jump out of the engine-pit.

But in that small space of time the lifeboat and Alan Law had parted company as definitely as though one of them had been levitated bodily to the far side of the earth.

It could not have been more than a minute after the accident before Barcus was guiding the boat over what, going on his sense of location and judgment of distance, he could have sworn was the precise spot where Alan had disappeared, but without discovering a sign of him.

And for the next twenty minutes he divided his attention between attempts to soothe and reassure the half-distracted girl and efforts to educe a reply from Alan by stentorian halling-with as little success to the one as in the other.

"Alan!" he shricked at the top of his lungs. "Alan! Give a hail to tell

us you're safe!" There was a little pause; he was racking his brains for some more moving mode of appeal when the answer came in another voice-in the voice of Judith Trine, clear, musical, effervescent with sardonic humor:

"Be at peace, little one—bleat no more! Mr. Law is with us—and safe —oh, quite, quite safe!"

dumb consistention Barcus sought the countenance of Rose. Her eyes, meeting his, were blank with despair. He shook his head helplessly and let his hands dangle idly between his knees.

With no way on her, the lifeboat drifted with a current of unknown set and strength.

"What can we 407" Ross implored. "We must do something. We san't leave him . . . Oh, when I think of him there, in her hands, I could go

mad!" "If only I knew," Bareus protested: "but my hands are tied, my wits are as helplans as my eyes are blind.

ceeded to make a prize of it-or try One thing's certain-she must have found or stolen a boat from somebody; they couldn't have made

her men-and ammunition?"

by fishermen."

There's nothing to as by-except the bare possibility that the reef she

spoke of may be Norton's. It doesn't

seem possible, but we may have made

that much southing. In that case we're about three miles off the main

land, somewhere in the neighborhood

of Katama island, a little, rocky, descri

late bump of earth, inhabited mainly

The girl wrung her hands. "But

now could Judith get there-and with

"Don't ask me. Going on my expe-

rience with the lady, I'd be willing to

bet that she was picked up by the

steamer that ran us down, and pro-



Yanked Him Off to His Cell.

That's the answer; they were picked up, stole a boat, and piled it "And there's no hope-1"

"Only of the fog relenting. If we could make the mainland and get His accents died away into a discon

solate silence that was unbroken for upwards of an hour. So slowly the current here the lifeboat toward the beach and so still the tide that Barcus never appreciated they were within touch of any land until the bows grounded with a slight

jar and a grating sound. With a cry of incredulity he leaped to his feet - "Land, by all that's lucky!"-and stooping, lent a hand to the girl, alding her to rise,

Hardly had Rose had time to com prehend what had happened, when Barcus was over the eide and wres tling with the bows, dragging the boat farther upon the shoals.

She was, however, more than one man could manage; and when her stem had bitten a little more deeply into the sands. Barous gave over the attempt and, lifting Rose down, set her on dry land, then climbed back into the vessel rummaged out her anchor and cable, and carried them ashore, planting the former well up towards the foot of the cliff.

And as he rose from this last labor he was half blinded by the glare of the westering sun as it broke through the

In less than five minutes the miracuplished fact; the wind had rolled the fog back like a scroll and sent it spinning far out to sea, while the shore on which the two had landed 'was deluged with sunlight, bright and beautifully warm. He showed a thoughtful and consid-

erate countenance to the girl. "You're about all in?"

She nodded confirmation of this, which was no more than simple truth. "Where are we?" she added. He made her party to his own per-

"You're not able to travel," he pur sued. "Do you mind being left alone while I take a turn up the beach and have a look round? We can't be far com some sort of civilization; even if it's an island there are no desert isles along this coast. I'll find something soon enough, no fear." By tacit consent both avoided men-

tion of Alan, but each knew what thought was uppermost in the other's

"There's a niche among the rocks up here," Barcus Indicated, "almost a cave. You'll be warm and dry enough, and secure from observation overhead. Maybe you can even snatch a few winks of sleep. .

She negatived that suggestion with weary smile; no sleep for her until sheer exhaustion overpowered her, or she knew of Alan's fate.

And so, reiterating his promise to be gone no longer than absolutely might be needful, he left her there.

CHAPTER XVII.

This Mortal Tide. She was very certain she would nover sleep before her anxiety was assuaged by word of Alan's fate; but she reckoned without her host of trials that had bred in her a fatigue anodynous even to her mental an-

For a time after Barcus had left

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her she lingured upon the sands, in the mouth of the shelter he had eslected for her, staring hungrily out on the shimmering sea that, now wholly divested of its shroud, smiled up to the heavens, whose sapphire face it mirrored, as fair and sweet of seeming as though it had never veiled a heartless tragedy. Slowly it darkened as the sapphire

above grew darker, blending inceninto rare ultramarine with the slow decline of the sun, by whose altitude above the horizon the day had not more than ninety minutes to run. And she thought drowsily that if confront Judith Trine. that sun sank without her learning that her lover lived, it would not rise was in one of her most dangero again upon a world tenanted by Rosa moods—if, Barcus mentally qualified, there was a pin to choose between her

It was not true, she told herself, that moods. But now, beyond dispute, she exhibited a countenance new in his people never die of broken hearts. She knew that, were he taken from experience with her, and one well cal-

denly, like a great, dark cloud . . But its dominion over her faculties was not of long duration. Blowly, with the glare of rage approaching mania. Her hands trembled, her lips

culated to appall.

with nervousness.

Her face was bloodless, even as her

ips were white with the curb she put

upon her passion. Her eyes were lurid

quivered, all her actions were abrupt

He was by no means poor-spirited;

"Well?" she demanded brusquely.

you poor little fool! How many more

essons will you require before realise

ing that I mean to have my way, and

that you'll cross me only to suffer

The courage of the other girl won

Far from cringing, she seemed

the unstinted admiration of Mr. Bar-

to find fresh heart in her sister's chal-

lenge. Her head was high, her glance

level with illimitable contempt as she

"So you've tried again?" she in-

quired obliquely, with a tope of pity.

You've offered him your love yet an-

"Only to learn once more that he

would rather death than you?" Rose

come to take your spite out on me.

do you? You pitiful thing! Do you

think I mind-knowing as I do now

that he could never hold you in any.

thing but compassion and contempt?"

the scorn of her sister the heat of

Judith's fury had been transformed

into a cold and malignant rage. She

"You will see," she said in even and

frigid accents. And the light of her

The understanding between her and

her men was apparently complete; for

these last, without hesitation or fur-

ther instructions, marched Rose and

Barcus down to the end of the spit

It was nearly knee-deep before Bar-

ous was halted with a savage jerk,

frenzied resistance to sit down in the

vater, and swiftly, with half a dozen

Already the Waters Had Risen Over

This accomplished, the men turned

Standing just above the water-line

Quietly, like well-trained servants,

they turned their backs and marched

nto the sea, then will your lives go

down with it."
She turned on her heel and strode

wiftly away, with not so much as a

backward glance, overtook her men,

and passed quickly from sight around

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"My daughter used Chamber-

lain's Tablets for constipation

with good results and I can recom-

For some time Barcus struggled

the farther point of rocks.

merged to his chest.

lar wise at Barcus' side.

waved the men away.

ess laugh.

by all dealers.

backed up to a rock, forced despite his

and on, into the water.

hat opposition to me means

For an instant there was silence; by

heavily, mutinously, she was rescued from its nirvana-came to her senses with an effect of one who emerges from some vast place of blackness and terror, to find Barcus kneeling over and gingerly but persistently shaking her by the shoulder. And then she sat up with a cry of

mystified compassion; for in the brief time that he had been absent-it had not been more than an hour-Mr. Barcus had most unquestionably been sogoing to tolerate your interference-

He had acquired a long cut over one eye, but shallow, upon which blood had dried, together with a bruked and swollen cheek that was scratched to boot. And what simple articles of clothing remained to him, after his strenuous experiences of the ast forty-eight hours, had been reduced to even greater simplicity; his shirt, for example, now lacked a sleeve that had been altogether torn away at the shoulder. "No!" he told her, as soon as he saw

her wits were awake once moredon't waste time pitying me. I'm all other time, have you?"
"Silence!" Judith cried in fury. right-and so is Alan! That's the main thing for you to understand; he's still alive and sound-" persisted, unflinching. "And so you

"But where is he? Take me to him!" she demanded, rising with a movement of such grace and vigor that it seemed hard to believe she had ever known an Instant's weariness.

"That's the rub," Barcus confessed, squatting on the sands and knuckling "I dassent take you to him. Judith might object. Besides, you can see for yourself it isn't safe to mingle with the inhabitants of this tight little feland-and you can't get to where Alan is without mingling considerably. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it, and we'll try to figure out what's best to be done. Maybe we can manage a rescue under cover of

And when the girl had settled herself beside him he launched into a detailed report.

"It's Katama island, all right," he announced, "but a change has come over the place since I visited it some years ago. Then it was a community of simple-hearted villagers and fishermen; now, unless all signs fail, it's a den of smugglers. I noticed a number of Chinese about; and that, taken In connection with the fact that, when I ventured to introduce myself to the village ginmill and ask a few innocent questions, the entire population, to a child, landed on me like a thousand brick-the two circumstances made me think we'd stumbled on a settlement of earnest workers at the gentle art of helping poor Chinamen evade the exclusion laws."

With a wry smile, he pursued: "As for me, I landed out back of the joint, on the nape of my neck, and took the count, surrounded by a lot of unsympathetic boxes and barrels that had seen better days. And when I came to and started to crawl unostentatiously away, I was just in time to witness the landing of your amiable sister, that gang of cutthroats she keeps on the pay roll, and Alan in company with as choice a crew of accountrels as you'd care to see. I gathered from a few words that leaked out of the back door of the barroom, that it was as I had thought-Judith had stolen a boat from the ship that picked her up, and rammed it on Norton's reef; and after she gathered Alan in the schooner of these smugglers happened along, and she hailed it and struck a bargain with the captain and signed co-partnership articles, or something like that. Anyway, her lot and the islanders were soon as thick as thieves, and tanking up so sociably that I actually got a chance to whisper a word to Alan and tell him you were all right, and that he'd find us both down here on the each, if luck served him with an escape. That was all I got a chance to say, for Judith marched up just then and yanked him off to his cell. I mean to say, he's locked up now in a little stone but on the edge of the cliff, with the door guarded and the window overlooking a sheer drop of thirty feet or so to the beach. When I'd seen that much I calculated it was about time for me to get gult of that neighborhood, before Mam'selle Judith nicked me with the evil eye."

"You don't think she saw you?" the

gtrl cried. "I don't think so," Barcus allowed gravely; and then, lifting his gaze, he added as he rose in a bound: "I just

know she did-that's all. In another instant he was battling night and main with three willing ruflans, who had come suddenly view round a shoulder of rock; but his forts were shortlived, foredoomed to failure. He was weakened with suffering and fatigue—and the three were

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WE FABRE, Register.

WM FARRE, Register,

valuly with his bonds. As for Rose, their numbers. He was overborns a twinkling, and had his face ground brutally into the sand while his hands she wasted no strength in strugglingperhaps had none to waste. When he looked her way he saw her exquisite were made fast with stout rope behis his back. And when he rose, it was profile unmarred by any line of fear or doubt, sharply relieved against the darkness of the rising flood. Her level to find, as he had anticipated, that Rose's resistance had been as futile as his own; she, too, was captive, her hands bound like his, the huge and ungaze without a tremor traversed the shining flood to its far horizon. clean paw of one of Judith's crew cruelly clamped upon her shoulders.

He noted that already the waters had risen, more than an inch. Humbled even in his terror by that They were granted time to exchange radiant calm that dwelt upon her, he no more than one despairing glance ventured diffidently: "Rose - Miss when a curt laugh fairly chilled the blood in Mr. Barcus, and he swung

She turned her head and found the sharply between his two guards to heart to smile. "Rose," she corrected The woman he saw at first glance,

"I'm sorry," he said—which was not at all what he had meant to say, "I've done my best, I suppose it's wrong to give up-but they've made it too much for me, this time."

"I know," she said gently. "You"-he stammered-"you're not

"There is nothing to fear," she said, but death. . "Then," he said more bravely, after

a time—the water now was near his chin—"good-by—good luck!" "Not yet, dear friend," she returned, 'not yet.'

But the sun was perilously close but he shrank openly from the look upon the rim of the world. But a little she gave him, and was relieved when ime, and it would be night. she, with a sneer, passed him by and He closed his eyes to shut out the planted herself squarely before her

rision of its slow, implacable descent. The water was now almost level 'How much longer do you think I'm' with his lips; it seemed strange that



throat could be so dry, so parched .

mania leaped and leaped again in her He opened his eyes, shuddering. eyes like a living flame. "I have pre-"It's good-by now," he faltered. "Not yet!" her voice rang beside pared a way to make you understand him, vibrant. "Look-up there-along She waved a hand toward the neares the cliff!" He lifted his gaze . point of rocks. "Take them along,"

> Alan. But his lead was very scant, and the man who pursued was one of Judith's, and stuck to the traff like a blood-hound fresh from the leash And now the water was at his lips;

Barcus could no more speak without trangling. Of a sudden he grouned in his heart; though there was no passable way down the cliff, still the eight of his friend alive and unharmed had brought with it a thrill of hope; now that hope died as he saw Alan stumble and go

Before he could rise the other was upon him, with the fury of a wolf seeking the throat of a stag.

For an instant they fought like madmen; then, in a trice, the sky line of the cliff was empty; one or the other had tripped and fallen over the brink, and falling had retained hold well.

By no chance, Barcus told himself, could either escape uninjured. Yet, to his amazement, he saw one man break from the other's embrace

and rise. And he who lay still, a crumpled, inhuman heap upon the sands, was Judith's man. With a violent effort Barcus lifted his mouth above water and shricked: "Alan! Alan! Help! Here-at the

end of the point-in the water-help! A precious minute was lost before Alan discovered their two heads, so barely above that swiftly rising flood. Then he ran toward them as he had never run before, and as he came whipped out a jack-knife and freed its

Even so-since it was, of course, deft hitches of rope and a stanch Rose whom Alan freed the first—knot, made fast in that position—subhelped him in turn up to the beach. And as this happened the last bloodattention to Rose, lashing her in simi- red rim of the sun was washed under

by the waves.
Two minutes later the lifeboat was with every sign of complete calm and afloat, and Mr. Barcus, already recovsanity other than that ominous flicker-ing in her eyes, Judith superintended of the motor, stimulated to supreme the business till its conclusion, then exertion by the sight of a party, led by Judith, racing madly down the beach. But it was not until well out from shore and on the way to the safety

promised by the matnland-now read-And again, after a brief wait, the tly discernible on the horizon-that any one of them found time for speech. woman laughed her short and mirth-Then Mr. Barous straightened up "The tide will he high," she said, from his assiduous attentions to the "precisely at sunset. You may time your lives by that. When the sun dipa motor, and observed:

"You bear a charmed life, my adventurous friend. I want to tell you that when I saw you go over that cliff made up my mind your usefulness would be at least permanently impaired. As it is, I don't mind telling you that if ever I get out of this affair alive, I'm going to have a try at your life myself, just once, for luck!"
(To be continued)

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR HAR-NEY COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate | CITATION F. Crews Croxton, Dec'd.

To W. T. Croxton, Mary L. Croxton, Robert Croxton and Natalie Croxton, GREETING: mend them highly," writes Paul IN THE NAME OF THE STATE

B. Babin, Brushly, La. For sale OF OREGON, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of United States of Court Room there of at Burn., in the County of Harney on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exist, why the Rectife Ballway Company, whose post office address is it. Paul. Minesoica, has this 7th day of December 1914 filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act ton to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1886 (20 Stat. 587. S., R. 34 B. W. M., belonging to said estate should not be sold.

WITNESS: The Hon. H. C. Lovens, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Harney with the Seal of said Court affixed this 13th day of Feb., A. D. 1915.

ATTEST:

R. T. Hughet, Clork Seal)

WM. Fare, Register.

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HERMAN VON SCHMALZ

Burns, Oregon CHARLES W. ELLIS

areful attention given to Collec tions and Real Estate matters.

A. W. GOWAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

and Land Office.

Eastern Oregon Engineering

CIVIL AND IRRIGATION ENGINEER Burns, Oregon